

# MICHIGAN FARMER

OF AGRICULTURE.

J. B. Thorburn  
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Agricultural.

RAISING CALVES.

MARCH 1, 1887.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will some of your numerous correspondents tell me how to raise calves without milk. I can have milk until they are two or three weeks old, then what shall I use, and what do you think of the oil meal? How is it used if used at all?

Also what time in the spring is the best time to sow clover seed on wheat? Please answer through FARMER and oblige.

SUBSCRIBER.

It will be a difficult thing to raise good calves without some milk until they are fully six weeks old. Skinned milk may be utilized by giving it to the calf warm, a little warmer, if anything, than new milk. Into it stir a couple of tablespoomfuls of oatmeal first mixed up with a little hot water. You can use old process oil meal, preparing it in the same way. The ration should be increased as the calf grows, and it should have an opportunity to eat hay as soon as possible. But some of Blatchford's calf food will be found a good thing; and we would recommend you to procure some of it for trial. Prof. Johnson, of the Agricultural College, and Mr. Amos F. Wood, of Mason, have been using it, and they speak highly of its merits.

Clover seed should be sown just as early as possible after the snow goes off. Some farmers think it does best if sown while there is a little snow on the ground.

The Improved Monarch Fence Machine.

Manufactured by M. C. Henley, the well known and extensive manufacturer of Richmond, Ind., the advertisements of which have appeared from time to time in the columns of this paper, has proved an immense success, and is now recognized as the leading fence machine on the market. It has won its way into popular favor on its superior merits as a thoroughly practical, durable machine. It has fully solved the problem which has hitherto interested all inventors, and the question of vital importance to farmers and land owners, namely, to make a strong, durable, substantial fence, that would not only be absolutely practical for all ordinary fencing purposes, but also combining the elements of protection to crops, perfectly available for stock purposes, for the farmer and ranch man, and proof against rabbits and poultry, for nurserymen, gardeners and vine growers, and, above all, a fence that could be made at a cost that would bring it within the reach of all. This absolute perfection has been attained by the now widely-known and popular Henley's Improved Monarch Fence Machine, which is now, with the valuable improvements recently made on it, a perfect fence machine, making a fence embracing all the essential elements of success and the desirable qualities named above.

Mr. Henley has just issued an elegant 42-page catalogue, giving full information as to the Improved Monarch Fence Machine, and we would advise all parties interested in the subject, or who contemplate purchasing a fence machine, to send for one of these catalogues. Address M. C. Henley, 523 to 533 North Sixteenth St., Richmond, Ind.

The largest and fattest lambs received in East Buffalo this winter, were raised and fed by Jas. H. Taft, of Mendon, St. Joseph Co. They were 76 in number, and averaged 126 pounds per head before shipping, the smallest weighing 90 pounds and the largest 165 pounds. A number of the flock were weighed at different times, one gained 7½ pounds in eight days, and another 43½ in 90 days. These lambs were shipped to Buffalo the last of February, and brought 35 cents per hundred more than any lambs in the market. The size of these lambs is a pure bred Hampshire, and tips the beam at 250 pounds, and is not fat either. Next.

THE MACOMB CO. SHEEP-BREEDERS AND WOOL GROWERS.

Annual Meeting at Romeo on the 24th of February.

The annual meeting of this Association was held on the 24th ult. in the town of Romeo, and as usual was largely attended. Breeders and wool-growers were present from all parts of the county.

President George W. Phillips called the meeting to order, and read his annual address. He referred to the importance of the sheep industry, its growth in this State, and the position Michigan occupied as compared with other States, in wool-growing. He gave some idea of the progress which had been made in improving the Merino since its early introduction, and congratulated those interested upon the success which had attended their efforts.

Mr. C. J. Phillips read his report as Secretary, and Mr. John McKay submitted his as Treasurer. Both were accepted.

Mr. C. W. Greene, of Pontiac, who was present, referred to parts of the President's address, and spoke of the belief that animals were deteriorated by in-breeding. He instanced a flock on the farm of a relative where for forty-six years they had never had any infusion of new blood. They were culled and well cared for, and increased in size of carcass and in wool-growing qualities until sold out. They were never housed, running in the woods all winter, and he never saw a flock do better.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:

President—G. W. Phillips.

Vice-President—O. S. Bristol.

Treasurer—John McKay.

Secretary—C. J. Phillips.

Board of Directors—P. Andrews, J. M. Thorington, John H. Chisnol, A. D. Taylor, J. C. Thompson, C. Lockwood, J. M. Thorington.

Mr. O. S. Bristol of Almont, read a paper on "Chronics" which we give in full. Its hints were highly appreciated by his audience, who recognized the truthfulness of the pictures he drew.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Macomb County Sheep-breeders' and Wool-growers' Association—Perhaps my use of the word chronic is in a broader sense than a strict meaning of the word would warrant, but I make my own use of the word, and apply it to the condition of the people, to the fine or too warm clothes? or overdriven their stomachs with choice mutton? Or is it that farmers overdo enriching their land, by raising so many sheep and mutton is unprofitable? The over-production of mutton is where the article produced is a curse and not a benefit, as in the case of intoxicating liquor or its twin brother, tobacco. These do not add to the comfort and happiness of the people, but rather subtract from it. The over-production of that which makes mankind more comfortable is a myth. I am sorry to say that this chronic element has crept among breeders of stud flocks, and has ruined some from the very start. The world is through some imaginary reason. One does not exhibit his stock at the fair because some one else has been unfair and placed overflock competition. Another may stand to no account, and yet a third has been brought into the world by his brother breeders. He doesn't shear his sheep at a public shearing because it is controlled by a ring which bars him out. A has no chance of selling his superior stock to the world, and the world is through some imaginary reason. One does not exhibit his stock at the fair because some one else has been unfair and placed overflock competition. Another may stand to no account, and yet a third has been brought into the world by his brother breeders. He doesn't shear his sheep at a public shearing because it is controlled by a ring which bars him out. A has no chance of selling his superior stock to the world, and the world is through some imaginary reason. One does not exhibit his stock at the fair because some one else has been unfair and placed overflock competition. 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## The Horse.

### ABOUT PERCHERONS.

FOREST HILL, Mich., Feb. 8th, 1887.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I would like to have the following questions answered through the FARMER. I think the answer will be of interest to others beside myself:

1st. What constitutes a thoroughbred Percheron horse?

2nd. Will a certain number of straight crosses of a thoroughbred sire, on our common mares produce the standard breed or thoroughbred Percheron-Norman, eligible to the stock book?

I would also like to have the above questions answered, when applied to the Shire horses.

3rd. Give an outline of the history of the French horse. Were they a distinct breed, and do they exist to-day as such?

4th. Where can any books be obtained giving reliable information regarding any or all of the above breeds?

H. B. ANGELL.

To your first question, what constitutes a thoroughbred Percheron horse, we answer that a certificate of the Societe Hippique Percheronne of France, as to the eligibility of any horse to registry under their rules is necessary before the horse can be recorded in this country. This society was only organized in 1885, and publishes a stud-book for this breed.

Precious to that time the question of the breeding of any horse could only be substantiated by the statement of the party who bred him.

To your second question we answer that the rules for recording stock in the American Percheron Stud Book prescribe that all animals imported from France prior to the date when the French Stud book was commenced shall be eligible to registry. All imported since that date must be recorded in France to secure registry here; but an animal with five straight crosses of recorded stock is eligible. Those bred in the United States from recorded sires and dams are also eligible to record.

Regarding the origin of the breed it is generally agreed that it resulted from the use of Arabian horses to the ordinary mares of the country. It is assumed by some that an infusion of Arabian blood was made at the time of the defeat of the Saracens by Charles Martel, when a large number of eastern bred horses were undoubtedly left in France. But the Percherons owe much of their superiority to the use of Arabian blood about 1820; the horse Gallipoli, a gray, being cited as the foundation of the improvement. It is asserted by those who have been engaged in tracing up the records of the breed that the most famous sires known to breeders of Percherons trace directly to this horse. If our correspondent understands the history of the American trotting horse he will have a very good idea of the formation of the Percheron, Gallipoli standing in the same relation to the Percheron as Messenger to the trotter. The French government has always exercised a supervision over the breeding of horses, and prescribed the stallions to which alone owners of mares should breed, and this has had a large influence in securing a breed of horses without hereditary defects, and of stamina and constitution.

As the books which treat of the history of the breed, as much can be got in the first volume of the American Percheron Stud Book anywhere. You can get this upon application to Mr. S. D. Thompson, of the American Percheron Association, Wayne, Illinois.

**The Horse Remembers Kindness.**

A very remarkable incident in the history of the Bush Messenger illustrates that though abuse may seem to, it does not wholly destroy the better nature, and that one touch of kindness calls into life all the old virtues. Years after he was sold Mr. Bush determined to see his old favorite, whom he found kept in a pasture surrounded by a fence ten feet high, through a hole in which the food and water were passed to Messenger as if he were "a dangerous convict." Mr. Bush was warned not to enter the enclosure for his very life, but he went in and unobserved, concealed himself behind a tree and whistled. With a neigh the grand old fellow came bounding across the field in search of the well remembered whistler. The horse raced round the pasture, and when at the height of his run Mr. Bush exposed himself and whistled again. Messenger wheeled and made directly for him, while the lookers trembled in terror. But instead of seeking to kill, the horse came up gently and laid his head over his old master's shoulder to receive the customary caress. When Mr. Bush's time for departure had come, he had proceeded but a few yards from the enclosure when there was a crash and out Messenger came, bound through the strong bars. He followed his former owner to the stable gently, where he was secured by strong ropes and for a long, long distance upon the road homeward Mr. Bush could hear the noble animal neighing, lashing the stall and struggling to be free and follow.

It is a good thing for a man to be master of his horse, but to be master of his affection is an absolutely noble thing.—*Walla's Monthly.*

### Stallion Fight.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer tells of a terrible fight which recently occurred between two trotting bred stallions on the Haines stock farm, near Pemberton, N. J., which is owned by Richard R. Haines, of Philadelphia. The two stallions, Don Ogden and Aberdeen Knox, the former by Kentucky Prince and the latter by Gen. Knox, were kept in separate paddocks, although they had never manifested any ill-feeling toward each other. In pleasure-weather Mr. Haines had been in the habit of giving them the run of the paddocks, and yesterday both of them were out. Shortly after Mr. Haines left home Don Ogden managed to get his gate open, and then began a furious fight, the stallions biting and kicking each other as though they trumpeted their war cry. The next minute the strong fence was torn down and two infuriated beasts were at each other, biting and kicking at a terrible rate, at the same time giving vent to the most unearthly noises. The farm hands were quickly summoned, and as they approached they found one horse lying on the ground and the other was just getting up. An examination discovered

the fact that Dan Ogden had been roughly handled. There were ugly marks and cuts on his head and neck, and a piece of flesh eight inches long had been torn from his breast, but it is thought his injuries are serious. Knox was cut up but not so badly.

### Horse Gossip.

OLIVER K. is said to have gained 100 pounds in weight since he arrived in California.

It is reported from California that Harry Wilkes has had one of his hind legs blistered.

Two hundred and fifty horses were sold at the Bradfield sale, and brought \$90,190, an average of \$354 per head.

SAM ROWE, of Hudson, Wis., has purchased the pacer Mike Wilkes. He will be under the management of Abe Rohrback the coming season.

MR. R. B. CONKLIN, the veteran breeder of trotting horses, is dangerously sick at Greenport, Long Island, his home. He is the owner of King Wilkes.

A. C. FISK, of Coldwater, Branch County, has sold to J. H. Lewis, of Brookport, Conn., the horse Dictator by Dictator Boy, dam Stockbridge Belle by Stockbridge Chief.

THOROUGHBRED stallions command very large prices in England. The Bard, the best horse which appeared on the turf there the past season, was sold recently for about \$50,000.

M. EDWARD DICKSON, of Lowell, Kent County, has purchased the thoroughbred horse Trasfagar, foaled 1880, by King Alfonso, dam Aerolite by Lexington; second dam, Florine by Imp. Glenco.

JOHNSTON BROS., of Greenville, Montcalm County, has purchased from Gen. W. T. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., the trotting bred filly Spring Maiden, by Happy Medium, dam Magrie Keene by Manbrino Hatcher. Price, \$1,600.

M. G. N. HATCH of Jackson, this State, has purchased from a Kentucky breeder the trotting stallion Doctor, by Dictator; dam, Big Mary by D. Monroe; 2d dam, Madam Powell by Alexander's Bay Chief; 3d dam by Totro; 4th dam by a Whip horse.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Buffalo Driving Park Association Mr. C. J. Hamlin was elected president, and Mr. D. W. Burt Secretary. The association is trying to raise \$50,000 for the purpose of holding a fair similar to the great St. Louis fair.

MR. E. J. BALDWIN, of California, popularly known as "Lucky Baldwin," has published the following challenge: "I will run a match with any horse after the Latona meeting for \$10,000 or more, the distance to be one and a half miles, play or pay, half forfeit. If this is not accepted it ends the matter." The horse he proposes to match is Volante.

WORD comes from England that Mr. E. P. Wilson's American bred horse Sachem by War Dance, dam Sly Boots, won the Leamington Handicap Steeplechase at the Warwick and Leamington meeting on the 16th ult. He was ridden by his owner, at 153 pounds, and started at 6 to 4 against. The distance was about two miles. Sachem won by a length from the French-bred horse Entrancier, carrying 155 pounds, with three others in the race. Sachem is one of the horses sent over by Mr. P. Lordill, and sold there.

**Cataract Cured.**

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Cataract, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease, seeking a safe and effective remedy, is advised to apply to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Mr. E. J. Baldwin's, \$14-eow-15

### The Farm

Raising Early Lambs.

Mr. J. S. Woodward, of Niagara, N. Y., read a paper on the above subject before the institute held at Ithaca, N. Y., in February, in which he named the requisites to success as follows:

First.—The shepherd upon whom much depends. He must be adapted to his business, prompt, always on hand. A sheep's stomach is as delicate as a clock. Go into the pen five minutes before feeding time, and they are all lying down chewing the cud, and there they remain until their usual feeding time, when they will all be up and ready for their feed true to the minute. The shepherd must feed exactly at the same times every day. He must be a man of good judgment, knowing when he is feeding all the sheep will bear and not overfeed, judging by the appearance of the ewes and their feces when he is feeding just right. He must be quiet and gentle, slow and lazy even, rather than quick and rushing, as the quick motion or loud noise attracts the attention of the sheep at once, and are to be avoided. He must also be naturally kind, so that the sheep will care no more for him than for each other.

Second.—Barns must be fitted for the business. As it would be the height of folly to leave a barnished and expensive machine exposed to the storms of autumn and winter, so it is equally foolish to expect profit from a flock of sheep so exposed.

No machine is more delicate than a sheep, and they need protection from cold and storms. Barns should be so warm that no frost ever enters them. The water pipes ought never to be in danger of freezing, the proper temperature being from 45 deg. to 55 deg. for sheep shorn in December or early January. Yet the barns must be well ventilated. Foul air produces disease, which in turn takes off the profit. The worst method of ventilation is the most common one, by the windows. A better way is by means of trunks running to roof and chimneys with crows on them as in many hothouses. Drafts of air must be avoided as they produce colds. Barns must be sufficiently roomy. In overcrowded pens sheep run over each other, injuring the weaker ones and crowding them away from their food. The animals should be sorted according to size as far as practicable, due regard being had to the advantage of having those ewes together that lamb at or about the same time. Twenty ewes are enough in each pen.

A NEW YORK farmer feeds his swine largely on refuse beans, which he cooks and feeds with cotton-seed meal, roots and wheat bran. He feeds this through winter, puts on a little more flesh in early spring and markets them when every body else has sold out and there is a good demand for fresh pork.

PROF. ROBERTS says that whenever we sell \$200 worth of wheat we sell \$57 worth of plant food. Butter, \$200 worth at 35 cents per pound, takes but half a dollar's worth of plant food. When we sell a horse for \$200, we have parted with but \$7 worth. The lesson is obvious, less wheat and more stock.

THE RURAL New Yorker thinks that if the demand for flour was as good as it is for bran and meal, millers could afford to pay a good price for wheat. Farmers in his vicinity buy largely of such supplies, besides feeding large quantities of ground corn and oats.

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## MICHIGAN FARMER,

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

GIBBONS BROTHERS

— SUCCESSIONS TO —

JOHNSTONE &amp; GIBBONS. Publishers.

No. 44 Larned Street, West

DETROIT, MICH.

Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters registered, or by sending a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.



DETROIT, MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post office as second class matter.

## WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 141,974 bu., against 75,069 bu., the previous week and 90,695 bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 190,393 bu. against 258,536 bu. the previous week, and 87,965 bu. the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,306,719 bu., against 3,339,871 bu. last week and 3,834,235 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on Mar. 5 was 55,751,463 bu. against 57,634,295 the previous week, and 51,377,777 bu. at corresponding date in 1886. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,842,763 bu. The export clearance for Europe for the week ending Mar. 5 were 2,183,190 bu. against 1,579,183 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 11,905,490 bu. against 3,735,193 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1886.

The past week has been an exciting one in the wheat market, owing to the belief that a clique were forcing values up or down as they pleased. Prices were lower after Wednesday, and on both spot and futures the feeling was weaker. On Saturday this market was quiet and featureless, prices starting a few points above Friday's close, but closing at 14@3/4¢ decline. The sales for the week, including spot and futures, were 3,101,000 bu., against 1,828,000 bu. the previous week. At Chicago the week closed with a quieter feeling and a moderate amount of business doing. The opening and closing on Saturday were at the same range of prices, \$2 for No. 2 spring for May, 80¢ for June, and 90¢ for July. Spot was quoted at 75¢. New York was also quiet with prices a little lower. Spot wheat was in fair demand both for the home trade and export. Liverpool, on Saturday, was quiet and steady, with prices lower than early in the week. The next statement of the "visible supply," it is thought, will show a decrease of from one to one and a half millions of bushels.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from February 21st to March 13th inclusive:

No. 1 White.	No. 2 Red.	No. 3 Red.
Feb. 18.....	81 1/2	75
19.....	81 1/2	75
20.....	81 1/2	75
21.....	81 1/2	78
22.....	81 1/2	78
23.....	81 1/2	78
24.....	81 1/2	78
25.....	81 1/2	78
26.....	81 1/2	78
27.....	81 1/2	78
28.....	81 1/2	78
29.....	81 1/2	78
March 1.....	81 1/2	78
2.....	81 1/2	78
3.....	81 1/2	78
4.....	81 1/2	78
5.....	81 1/2	78
6.....	81 1/2	78
7.....	81 1/2	78
8.....	81 1/2	78
9.....	81 1/2	78
10.....	81 1/2	78
11.....	81 1/2	78
12.....	81 1/2	78
13.....	81 1/2	78

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various dates of No. 1 white:

March	April	May	June
Monday....	80 1/2	88 1/2	...
Tuesday....	80 1/2	88 1/2	...
Wednesday....	80 1/2	88 1/2	...
Thursday....	80 1/2	88 1/2	...
Friday....	82 1/2	88 1/2	...
Saturday....	82 1/2	88 1/2	...

According to the March report of the Agricultural Department, the quantity of wheat yet on hand is 37 per cent of the crop, or about 123,000,000 bu., against 107,000,000 bu. last year at same date. The demand from abroad, however, is taking nearly four times as much as a year ago, and this has been going on for fully two months. It appears now that Great Britain, for the next two months, must depend nearly entirely upon the United States for breadstuffs.

While our exports to Great Britain for the past two months have been very heavy, it will be noted that, supplemented as they are by the shipments from India and the deliveries from her own farmers, they fall below actual consumption every week.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending March 4, 1887, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 160,000 bushels, of which 40,000 were for the United Kingdom and 120,000 bushel to the continent. The shipments for the previous week as cables, amounted to 200,000 bushel, of which 100,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 120,000 bushel to the Continent. The total shipments since April 1, 1886, or during the current crop year, amount, as reported in round numbers, to 41,165,000 bushels, including 30,345,000 bushels, or 49.4% to the United Kingdom and 30,820,000 bu. or 50.5% net sent to the Continent, leaving only a moderate quantity available for export until the new crop comes in. The shipments during the crop year ended March 31, 1886, aggregated 30,512,969 bu., against 39,550,721 bu. the previous crop year. The wheat on passage from India February 28 was estimated at 3,165,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 3,488,000 bu.

The following statement gives the amount of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage

for Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

British supply.	Bushels.
On passage for United Kingdom.	57,667,325
On passage for Continent of Europe.	4,664,000
Total bushels Feb. 26, 1887.	73,779,325
Total previous week.	88,708,563
Total two weeks ago.	88,695,665
Total Feb. 27, 1886.	69,673,696

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending March 5 were 463,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Feb. 19 the receipts are estimated to have been 1,360,088 bu. less than the consumption.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was quiet with fair demand. Quotations on American wheat were 7s. 8d. per cental for No. 1 California, 7s. 4d. for No. 2 winter, and 7s. 4d. for No. 2 spring.

## CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 68,333 bu., against 40,611 bu. the previous week, and 107,591 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 73,801 bu., against 93,158 bu. the previous week, and 157,046 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. The visible supply of corn in the country on March 5 amounted to 15,754,500 bushel, against 16,154,015 bu. the previous week, and 19,969,057 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 402,715 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,398,511, against 1,390,630 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 7,758,681 bu., against 12,069,763 bu. for the corresponding period in 1886. The stocks now held in this city amount to 41,856 bu. against 45,810 bu. last week and 93,582 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The week closed with an easier market, but with values a little higher than a week ago, and a fairly active demand. Quotations are 41¢ for No. 2 yellow. There is no speculative inquiry, and the demand is limited to spot corn. At Chicago the market closed easy on Saturday. It was thought the better weather would increase the receipts, hence buyers were inclined to hold off. Quotations there are 35¢@37¢ for No. 2, 35¢ for March delivery; 40¢ for May; 41¢ for June and 42@43¢ for July. New York is steady and quiet, with very light export demand. According to the March report of the Department of Agriculture, only 36 per cent of the last crop is yet in farmers' hands, which is the smallest amount for the past three years. The Liverpool market on Saturday was quoted quiet, and light demand. New mixed western oats were 3,101,000 bu., against 1,828,000 bu. the previous week. At the week closed with a quieter feeling and a moderate amount of business doing. The opening and closing on Saturday were at the same range of prices, \$2 for No. 2 spring for May, 80¢ for June, and 90¢ for July. Spot was quoted at 75¢. New York was also quiet with prices a little lower. Spot wheat was in fair demand both for the home trade and export. Liverpool, on Saturday, was quiet and steady, with prices lower than early in the week. The next statement of the "visible supply," it is thought, will show a decrease of from one to one and a half millions of bushels.

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State do half-firkin tubs, good do.	17	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, fair do.	15	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, ordinary.	14	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, choice.	13	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, fancy.	12	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, choice.	11	21/2
State do half-firkin tubs, choice.	10	

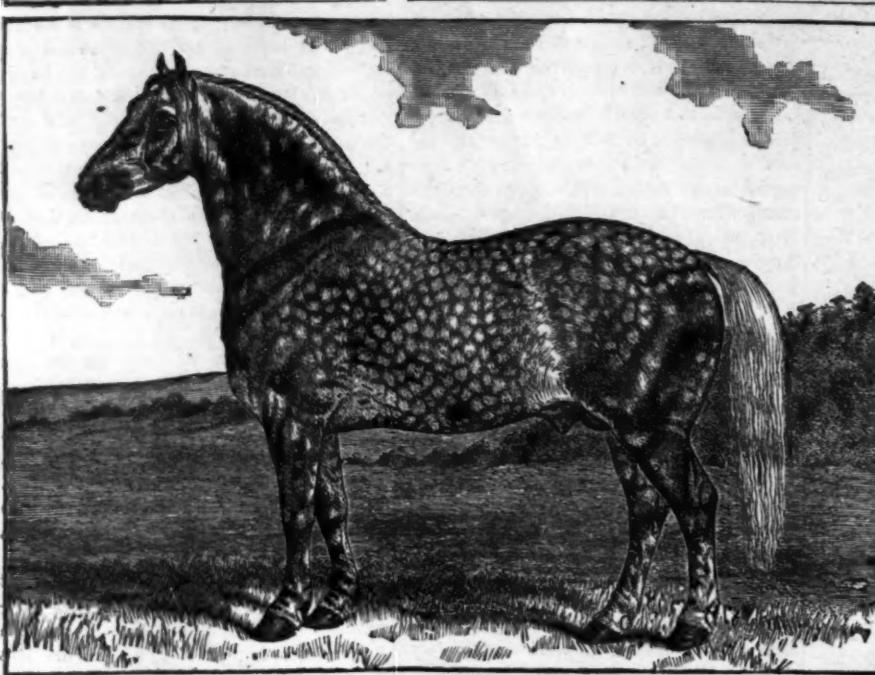
March 14, 1887.

## THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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**ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM,**  
GROSSE ISLE,  
Wayne Co., Mich.  
**Savage & Farnum**

## PROPRIETORS.

**IMPORTED & PURE-BRED PERCHERON HORSES**

All stock selected from the get of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. New importations constantly arriving. We have one of the largest studs in the country to select from, including all ages, weights and colors, of both stallions and mares. Send for large illustrated cloth-bound Catalogue, free by mail. We have some fine high-grade stallions and brood mares not catalogued. Address,

**SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.****LARGEST AND FINEST STOCK****TREES**

Fruit and Ornamental, Grape Vines, at Wholesale and Retail. Catalogue Free.

E. ILGENFRICHT & SONS,  
MONROE NURSERY, MONROE, MICH.

**THIRD ANNUAL SALE  
OF  
Shorthorn, Hereford & Holstein**

CATTLE,  
Wednesday, March 23, '87,

The Michigan State Agricultural College,  
LANSING - MICH.

The offerings embrace twenty-four Shorthorns including representatives of the following well-known families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Rose Duchess, Victoria Duchess, Phoenix, Harriet, etc.

The Herefords include bulls from 13 to 24 mos.

A creditable lot of Holstein bulls, mostly 20 months old, a young cow with bull calf and a yearling heifer, all from imported sires and dams from the best herds.

One Holstein bull two months old.

A credit of six months will be given on application, bearing full interest.

Sale will begin at one o'clock sharp. For catalogues, call at No. 4 Merrill Block, or address

**CHOICE PERCHERONS  
AT LOW PRICES.**

This stock was imported expressly for T. W. Palmer's Font Hill breeding establishment, Woodward Avenue, Detroit, and is second to no other in this or any other country. It having stood the test of comparison and competition at the great National Exhibition of the American Percheron Horse Breeders' Association which was held in Chicago in 1886, and there securing the highest honors bestowed. At the head of the stud is

"Marie Antoinette," Awarded the Gold Medal of France for Best Percheron Mare of any age breed in America. Also young mares awarded various prizes both in this country and at the great concourse of France in 1886.

No catalogues. Call at No. 4 Merrill Block, or address

**FORD STARRING, Detroit, Mich.**

**JERSEYSI**

Choice animals and their progeny, imported direct from the Island of Jersey by Senator T. W. Palmer expressly for his Font Hill breeding establishment, Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

Excellent breeding and individual merit the rule. Coomassie and Farmer's Glory the leading strains, with

**GENERAL WOOLSEY AT THE HEAD OF THE HERD.**

General Woolsey is the imported son of the most beautiful and noted prize winner of that name now upon the Isle of Jersey. Choice young bulls and heifers for sale very low. No catalogues. Write or call upon

**FORD STARRING, Room 4, Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.**

**SMALL FRUIT PLANTS.**

Blackberries, Currants, gooseberries, Grapes, Raspberries and Strawberries.

The cream of the old and the new; sound healthy plants, carefully trimmed; bundled and packed in the best manner. No substitutions except upon permission. Send for new price list.

T. LYON, South Haven, Mich.

He died last

earned \$1,000,000 in less than 10 years.

and the expert imported gold

\$3,000,000. The gold and coin was

almost entirely

imported into the United

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## DAKOTA'S INVITATION.

stand 'mid the snow-drifted prairies  
By rivers 'neath ice-robes at rest,  
And turn from the dreams of past ages,  
From the nations who fed at my breast,  
From visions of barbarous warfare,  
From labors whose field was the chase,  
From ambitions whose needs die forever  
With those of a perishing race;  
Is pride and joy-lightened sorrow,  
From the millions forever at rest  
I look toward a brighter morrow.  
From my realm of the Golden Northwest.

I turn from the picturesque memories  
Of the fierce, wild and passionate past,  
From the rites and the worship of ages  
Too savage and simple to last.  
The march of the bison herds tameless  
The roar of the prairie fire's sweep,  
From tortures and mysteries nameless,  
From hatred unending and deep;  
And the long line of warriors and sages  
Who knew neither mercy nor fear,  
Bore through the vistas of ages  
Growing dim till the last disappear.

And I beckon to every nation,  
I summon from every land  
The hordes of that mighty migration  
Which throngs to the old world's worn sand;

From Scioia's grand heath-clad mountains,  
From Norway's deep folds and blue hills,  
From Gallia's vine-shaded fountains,  
And Siberia's valleys and ribs;  
From Denmark's bold shore and the lowland  
Which Holland holds back from the sea;  
I summon the mighty procession  
Whose future and hopes lie with me.

From each shore and city of England  
From Russia's huge steppes, and the drear  
Volcanic's swept deserts of fealnd  
My vessels are hastening here.  
The Puritan's sons and daughters  
Of pilgrim and cavalier take  
Their way o'er the father of waters.  
By prairie and river and lake  
To join in one common endeavor  
To mingle as years go and come,  
And claim as the need of their labor  
One language, one country, one home.

I have homes for the lonely, and honor  
For him who is lonely of birth;  
I have land for the landless, and labor  
That brings not sorrow but mirth;  
Riches where the bright gold is hidden,  
Broad acres by share never broke,  
Boundless pasture where grazes unbidden  
Heads unused to halter or yoke,  
Green meads where rose, saffron and lily  
Bloom, and delicate tendrils entwine  
And rivers meandering stilly  
"Neath broad boughs and clambering vines.

Come then from the o'er-crowded cities,  
The perils and the toils of the sea,  
From fields that are barren and stilly  
To the prairies so ferile and free;  
From faith lost in blind superstitions,  
From hope overborne by despair,  
From the thralldom of ancient traditions,  
And burdens too heavy to bear.  
Some from misery, servitude and sorrow  
To fortune and honor and rest,  
Ye heirs of the brighter to-morrow  
Of my realm of the Golden Northwest.

Already the brief days grow longer  
As northward the life-giving sun  
Moves his rays, by day waxing stronger  
Till the reign of stern winter is done;  
Soon white drifts will melt from my bosom  
And the prairie anemos show  
Her green buds and delicate blossoms  
Where now gleams the frost-jeweled snow.  
As the snow melts away I, Dakota,  
Feel past love effaced from my breast,  
As I welcome a new race of myriads  
To my realm of the Golden Northwest.

J. C. EWEN.

## Miscellaneous.

## MONSIEUR LE CURE.

I met the Cure one evening as I was returning home from the wood, where I had been sketching. The fine old man was standing on the doorstep of his presbytery, looking towards the sea, which at that moment was glorious beneath the setting sun. I bowed to him as I passed, for his presence had always inspired me with sympathy and respect, and I knew how much this tribute from a foreigner would gratify a member of that class which the republican government is bringing into disrepute by constant persecutions.

He returned my salute with such kindly courtesy that I took the opportunity, which I had long desired, of speaking to him.

"A lovely sight, Monsieur le Cure," I said, pointing to the sea.

"It is, indeed, monsieur," he answered without looking around. After awhile he added: "It is such sights that reconcile one to this earth. And yet I do not know; one has always the bitter certainty that very soon the night will come, when all will be dark."

"And, en attendant," I said, trying to laugh away his evident melancholy, "if I do not get home soon the night and her darkness will come most certainly; and it's a break-neck path to my house."

"But, monsieur," said the Cure, "there is no hurry. I heard from the village people that monsieur had expressed the desire to visit our church. There is, indeed, little to see, but it—"

"I should be most delighted," I answered.

"I will get the key," he said, leading me into his simple parlor, and bidding me sit down while he went upstairs to fetch it.

The room was one of the poorest in point of decoration and furniture that I had seen in any house in the village; and yet there was one object which by its great beauty compensated for all the unloveliness of the rest. It was the picture of a young woman, painted in oils, and signed by a painter who about thirty years ago had been at the summit of his art. The girl represented was most lovely, and it seemed to me that her face was one which had been the model of many other artists as famous as the one who had painted this portrait. A royally feminine face, and here clothed with that expression of timidity, blushing and afraid, which in some women is so sweet and so strongly appeals to all that is noblest and most manly in man.

This was my first impression, but as I looked at it longer the timidity, from being subjective merely, seemed to grow objective. It was not a timid girl, it was a girl afraid. Her eyes seemed to look with horror, for on still closer observation, the fear grew into horror, of something that was not represented in the picture. How could it be, seeing that those fearful eyes were looking out of the plain, straight over my head, who stood facing her, at the wall behind

me? The picture was by far too fine a work of art for one to suppose that any attempt had been made to enhance its interest by an extraordinary and theatrical *misan-*  
*sence*, and I felt it would be an insult to the great painter to turn round and see if anything was visible to explain the expression of those eyes. Moreover, it was the expression that held me, not the reason thereof. I am not one of those who seek in every picture an illustration.

I stood before it some time, sadly envious of the technique of the departed hand, and wondering what angel hand, the angel Raphael's perhaps, had guided the painter's fingers when he had mixed the color of sun-kissed auburn that sung, and colors sing, from those clustering curls of hair, when the Cure came back into the room. I turned as I heard his step, and as I did so my eyes fell upon the wall on which my back had been turned. Directly opposite the picture, and in the point of vision of its eyes, hung a rafter. As I looked closer I saw that the point of this sword was black, of that ill-omened black that blood, long since dried, does take.

I almost felt angry. Blood-stained rapier or chrome-lithograph of some hobgoblin ghoul or spectre, it annoyed me to think that any soul should venture with the most vulgar taste of melodramatic effect, to complete what was already so sublimely and perfectly complete. It was the act of a bourgeois of the burgois, uneasy and disturbed if the Sevres china statuette of a Watteau shepherdess on this side of his Louis XV timepiece has not, on the join side of it, fronting her, as pendant, a languishing Coriolan.

My annoyance was so real that I paid but little attention to all that the Cure, who had now greatly sunk in my esteem, showed me and told me. I vaguely remember that he led me through a chuchyrd, where, by the grave of his predecessor, he pointed out the plot of ground where he was to rest himself: that he told me that the church was many hundred years old and had been *sans le temps*, the lodge of a company of Knight Templars, whose bodies lay shrouded in stone sepulchres in a remote part of the cemetery. The church was very uninteresting to me in my preoccupation. There were some fine Louis XI candlesticks in massive copper on one of the altars. The Cure had bought them from a dealer in old metals, to whom an ignorant colleague had sold them at the rate of ninepence the pound.

"Then you have some taste," I thought, "but that only makes it more inexcusable."

I was examining these candlesticks when a peasant girl came up to us, and with many clumsy courtesies told M. le Cure that his supper had been served.

She had a motherly tone with the old man, this girl of fifteen, and would not hear of his showing me the vestry.

"That will be for another day," she said.

"The important thing is now that M. le Cure should not let that beautiful trout get cold. One has opened a bottle of Chablis to drink with it, and there will be an omelette and some peaches in the second service."

"She seems a very intelligent child," I said, as I accompanied the Cure to his door.

"Is she your servant?"

"Oh, no," he answered with a smile. "That would not be allowed. My servant is ill in bed, and this girl is taking her place. But no, monsieur, I cannot let you go now. You must come in and share my supper. Jeannette, lay another cover."

"I did that in advance," answered the girl. "When M. le Cure has visitors—"

"He insists on their becoming his guests. You are right, and monsieur sees it."

The trout, perfectly cooked, was firm and sweet; the Chablis, cool and fragrant, with a faint scent of violets, gleamed like liquid gold in my glass, the table was exquisitely laid; the silver, the plate of peaches, the yellow rose laid on the white cloth, were very beautiful to the eye; the Cure, with his melodious voice, full of caressing notes, charmed my ear, as his anecdotes and wit delighted my mind. But all these lights were powerless to distract my attention from the annoyance I had experienced. My calm was marred. I barely listened to my host, yet gave him enough attention to regret my preoccupation. At another time his conversation would have charmed me, who for many months had heard only the sordid bargains of the Norman peasants in their drawing and inharmonious patois.

He had been speaking about the Oxford revival, and had quoted the Pope's remark on the Puseyites, that like bell-ringers they invited the world to come in to the Holy Church, but themselves did not enter it, when unable to contain myself any longer, I rudely interrupted him, saying, "But why vulgarize her glorious passion? Why make her sublime fear paltry and ridiculous? One annoys the timidity of children with blood-stained rapiers, skulls or chromes of 'Fox's Martyrs.' They cannot explain her terror. They only insult her."

The Cure smiled, and seemed at once to understand what I was referring to.

"You are right, monsieur," he said, "it is bad taste. But it is Bette's fault, not mine."

"Bette," he continued, "is my old servant, the one who is lying ill upstairs. She has been most faithful and devoted to me ever since she came to this place, now twenty years ago. I used to keep that rafter in my bedroom, but it was not long before she found it out, and then she insisted on hanging it where you saw it. The arrangement has always rather spoiled my pleasure in the picture, and my reason is the same as yours; but I could not find it in my heart to thwart the good old woman's wish. She would have it thus, and would take no contradiction on this point."

"I have studied medicine," I said. "I may be able to be of some assistance. If Monsieur le Cure will permit, I—"

"Come, come!" he cried, clutching me by the arm. "Is there anything you want? It is disease of the heart. Now, then, come. But first, Jeannette, run upstairs and see whether monsieur can enter."

The girl had turned to enter to obey, when through the silence of the house there rung the awful notes of a dying woman's voice.

"Raoul, Raoul! where are you? Je meurs, mon ami."

It was the voice of a high-born lady. For what reason I know not, I turned towards the picture. It seemed the cry that should come from those lips.

The Cure had started like a man who is suddenly stabbed.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" he cried. "Whose voice is that?"

"May I ask, monsieur," I said, "if there is any connection between the picture and the weapon?"

"A terrible one," said the Cure.

His tone was so sad, and there was such a sorrowful expression on his face as he announced, that I regretted my indiscretion and apologized to him for it.

"It is strange," he continued, after a pause, "that you should ask me this to-day, for all this day my thoughts have been going back to the most terrible scene of my life. Nay, do not ask me pardon. I am glad to speak to you of it. Silence does not kill a sorrow, it nurses it, I know it. For thirty years I have never opened my mouth, and the wound in my heart has deepened all the more. Never, never to be reserved on the troubles of your life. Rather cry them out aloud on the rooftops. Does not a cry release a bodily suffering? Then why should not the same relief be afforded in the same way to the tortures of conscience? Ask for sympathy, human sympathy, and whether you get it or not, the mere asking will comfort you! I will tell you about that rafter and that picture. My heart has been very full to-day."

Then, bending over the table to me, he said:

"That picture is the portrait of the only woman I have ever loved, and that rafter is the sword with which I killed my dearest friend. The blood on its point is the blood of the only heart of man that ever beat in love and sympathy with mine."

"Ah," he continued, "you look surprised. One does not suppose any romance can be enshrined beneath the soutane of a village cure, and, perhaps, to look at me, I appear the very last man to have had a drama of so terrible a kind in my life. Yet, I am told, they made a very good play of it at one of the boulevard theatres in Paris. The world had the comedy, the tragedy was for me. It was just, quite just. My story? Oh! a common one. He was my friend, she, the lovely woman, was his wife. We had both paid court to her, but he had won her. He was richer than I, and in France, you know, that is the first consideration of parents in giving their daughter. Well, though I loved her with all my heart, when she became his I was loyal to her as to a gentleman and his friend. Of course I sought her society—it was natural, it was not, but I should do so? Ill-advised, oh, ill-advised—nobody sees better than I do now. But I swear, if I wear I might, that my loyalty to him and to her never, even in thought, wavered an instant. The world, the wicked world, thought otherwise; and wicked tongues wagged. It was in the eyes of Paris, and I was hot-blooded in those days. It was a provocation, a challenge, which I was forced, as I thought then, to accept.

"We fought next morning in the Bois de Vincennes. It was an accident—yes, that thrust of mine was an accident, I shall always say so. He ran upon my point. I could not help myself. But, oh, the horror of that moment! The artist who painted that portrait was one of those who took my Paul home. He told me that she looked thus when she saw him as I had made him. As for me, I went for many months a crazed man. I think it was my great-uncle, the Bishop of T—, who first suggested to me that it may be an atonement for my crime that could be it in the devotions and services of a lifetime. I took his advice, for I was weary of the world, passed through the ordeal of the novitiate, and was ordained. My uncle gave me this *presbytère*, and he is a good man, I have lived and worked for him, and he has given me a pension for thirty years, humbly, obscurely and penitently. I have not stopped—no, no, I have not stopped; but I sometimes think that Paul knows all now, and—and, perhaps, has forgiven me.

"I never saw her again. I never heard of her. Is she dead? Did she marry again? Did she, as some said she intended to do, return to a convent? I do not know. I have never ceased to love her, as I did then, loyally and devoutly; not as the woman I had wanted to marry, but as the wife of my friend, as my dear Paul's wife."

I never saw her again. I never heard of her. Is she dead? Did she marry again?

"She seems a very intelligent child," I said, as I accompanied the Cure to his door.

"Is she your servant?"

"Oh, no," he answered with a smile.

"That would not be allowed. My servant is ill in bed, and this girl is taking her place.

Went how could I act otherwise? I was urged on by the tip of his tongue any unknown liquid that may be handed to him. Prussia is about the only thing he will not put into his mouth, but he can recognize that without tasting it. He will make all sorts of chemical combinations, and try them to see if they are explosive or otherwise dangerous, and sometimes he discovers in a very unpleasant way that his new product is dudled. Dulong, in 1811, discovered chlorine of nitrogen, and when he recovered consciousness amid the wreck of all the glassware in his laboratory, he made a note, with his unwounded hand, of the fact that chlorine of nitrogen is highly explosive. About a year afterwards, in trying to ascertain the exact conditions necessary to explode the compound, he lost an eye and two fingers. Davy, in the same year had a similar adventure with the new explosive. A tube containing a small quantity was suddenly shattered to atoms without any apparent cause, and a piece of the glass struck Davy in the corner of the right eye, disabling him from further immediate experiments. In July, 1813, Davy set about finding out what was the matter with chlorine of nitrogen, and attempted an analysis by the stuff went off again as usual, but Davy had protected his eyes with a thick plate of glass, and he was wounded only in the head and hands. Faraday was an assistant to Davy at this time. He was holding a small tube containing a few grains of the chloride of nitrogen, and when he had called, a piece of the glass struck Davy in the corner of the right eye, disabling him from further immediate experiments. 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## A SOLDIER.

He sat by her side, a manly form.  
A soldier in Union blue.  
With heart that is generous, free and warm,  
A spirit bold and true.

"I think it so silly," she saucily said,  
"To be a soldier in name;  
Of course, in a battle"—she tossed her head  
"You might wish a little fame."

"I'm sure you soldiers are awfully proud  
When out on a street parade,  
You look so haughty at the crowd,  
The cheer as though they were paid."

And "bang! bang!" came the useful arti-  
cles of war in question down the winding  
stairway that led into the kitchen.

Poor little Ethel! She half rose up, then  
sat down again, piteously undecided what to  
do—and even while she hesitated, with color  
varying like the red and white of the Ameri-  
can flag in a high wind, the door at the foot  
of the stairs flew open and in stalked Mr. Julian  
Morand, sallow and disheveled, with unkempt hair and beard, freckled curved  
mouth and a most unbecoming costume of  
a soiled Turkish dressing gown, faded  
pearl-colored netting garments and stocking-  
ed feet, thrust into dirty red morocco slippers.

"I know there's some one down there!" he  
shouted. "I can hear you breath and your dress rustle. Just like your ugliness  
is not to answer a fellow! Do you hear, Sue?  
Black my boots, quick! I'm waiting for  
them!"

Farmer Davidson was puzzled. He was  
sure that the dog would have made an outcry  
if any one had come on the grounds. The  
ringing of the bell was a mystery. Davidson  
made the dog go outdoors and then went back to bed. He had just gone  
nimbly tucked under the covers when the sound  
of the bell, ringing three times loudly and  
unmistakably, was heard again. Davidson  
came again in the house and lay down by  
the stove.

If others in the house hadn't heard the  
bell the farmer would have thought he must  
be mistaken. No one in the house is super-  
stitious, but this mysterious ringing of the  
bell by unseen hands made them all feel un-  
comfortable. The family sat up for an hour  
watching out of windows, but no one came to  
ring the bell. The dog was turned out doors  
again and the family went back to bed. Quiet had barely been restored in the  
house when the sharp clang of the bell rang  
out once more. There was a general stampede of the family down stairs again. This  
time alarm and uneasiness were depicted on  
every face. Farmer Davidson dressed himself,  
went out and made a thorough search of the  
premises, and returned as much mystified  
and terrified than before. The dog again in the house and lay down by  
the stove.

It is the hardest task in the world? To  
What is the hardest task in the world? To  
What is the golden harvest following the  
flowering of thought?

There is no place like home, especially if it  
is the home of your best girl.

HER GALLANT CAVALIER.

"I think him the very embodiment of  
chivalry and gallantry," said Ethel Hunt,  
enthusiastically.

She was a dark-cheeked, diamond-eyed  
girl of eighteen, with braids of blue-black  
hair coiled around the back of her small,  
Greek-shaped head, and a color as rich and  
velvety as the side of a July peach.

"Humph!" said Aunt Sara. "I've heard  
girls talk so before. And it generally ended  
in one thing."

"For shame! Aunt Sara," cried Ethel.  
"I only mean, of course, that he is a very agreeable  
companion."

Now this Aunt Sara of our little Ethel was  
no spectated sybil of an uncertain age,  
nor pretty, pillow-shaped widow, with the  
photograph of her dear departed husband  
worn, locket-shaped, upon her bosom—but  
a pretty young woman of four or five-and-  
twenty, with bright blue eyes and hair all  
streaked with golden gleams, who was en-  
gaged in the congenial occupation of making  
up her wedding clothes.

"An agreeable companion—of course,"  
said Aunt Sara. "Look, Ethel, do you  
think white Maltese lace or French blonde,  
with a heading of Roman pearls, would be  
pretty for this beth?"

Aunt Sara knew when to drop a subject  
and when to hold on to it! But while Ethel  
was stitching the quilting of French blonde  
on to the white silk dress her young aunt's  
mind was busy upon the topic she had  
apparently abandoned.

"The disagreeable fellow," thought Aunt  
Sara. "He has somehow heard that Ethel  
has money, and he is determined to win it.

If she could only see him in his true light;  
but I know what a perverse thing a wo-  
man's heart is. Just as sure as I attempted  
to tell her what he really is, she'll make up her  
mind that he is the finest and least appre-  
ciated personage on the face of the earth.

And I do so want her to keep her heart  
whole until Everard Grafton comes to be  
Charles' groomsmen! Everard Grafton is  
worthy of a princess!"

And Miss Sara Martell sat and sewed  
away in absorbed silence, without speaking  
a word for the unprecedented period of fif-  
teen minutes.

"They say he is perfectly intolerable at  
home," she said to herself. "Clara Water-  
son was there once and heard him rating his  
sister fearfully because the beefsteak for  
his late breakfast was a little overdone. If  
only I could manage it that Ethel should see  
him in his true light."

She sat and thought a while longer—and  
suddenly the color bloomed into her cheek,  
the dimples into her chin. She started up.

"Ethel," she said, "I'm sure you must  
be tired of sitting over that everlasting  
stitching. I've got to go over to Susy Mor-  
and's to borrow a pattern; it will be just a  
pleasant walk for us."

"To Miss Morand's?" Ethel was vexed  
with herself, but she could not help the tell-  
tale blood that surged into her cheeks.  
"Isn't it rather early? Only nine o'clock!"

"Early? Not a bit! Susy and I are so  
intimate, we don't mind curl papers and  
calico wrappers. Get your hat and come  
along, quick!"

But, in spite of her exhortations to speed,  
Sara Martell smiled to herself to perceive  
that Ethel Hunt lingered long enough in her  
own room to change her black lace breast-  
knot for a becoming little butterfly bow of  
rose-colored ribbon, and to rearrange the  
dainty tendrils of silken black hair that  
drooped so caressingly over her low, broad  
forehead.

"She thinks we shall see Julian Morand,"  
she thought to herself. "Well, perhaps we  
shall. I am putting myself entirely into the  
hands of luck and chance."

But when they reached the Morand man-  
sion, instead of ringing formally at the front  
door, Miss Martell went around to the back  
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"The pattern? Of course you shall have  
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"Pil go with you," said Sara. "Ethel,  
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"Not in the least," said Ethel. And she  
sat down by the window, where ivies, train-  
ed in bottles of water, were creeping like  
green jewels across the crystal panes of  
glass.

"Sue Morand!" She started in the voice of  
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become of my breakfast? You must think a  
man has nothing to do but to lie here and  
wait all day for you lazy folks to stir  
around!"

There was no reply as he paused, appar-  
ently expecting one. "Mother" was down  
in the garden under a big green sun-bonnet,  
gathering scarlet checkered tomatoes for din-  
ner. "Nell" was in the front yard picking  
red-veined autumn leaves out of the gold

and russet drifts that lay like treasures of  
precious stones upon the grass.

Sue was shut up among the mysteries of  
"patterns" innumerable, with Miss Sara  
Martell. Ethel Hunt sat coloring and half-  
frightened, the sole auditrress of Mr. Mor-  
and's objections.

"I know there's some one down there!" he  
shouted. "I can hear you breath and your dress rustle. Just like your ugliness  
is not to answer a fellow! Do you hear, Sue?  
Black my boots, quick! I'm waiting for  
them!"

Farmer Davidson was puzzled. He was  
sure that the dog would have made an outcry  
if any one had come on the grounds. The  
ringing of the bell was a mystery. Davidson  
made the dog go outdoors and then went back to bed. He had just gone  
nimbly tucked under the covers when the sound  
of the bell, ringing three times loudly and  
unmistakably, was heard again. Davidson  
came again in the house and lay down by  
the stove.

And "bang! bang!" came the useful arti-  
cles of war in question down the winding  
stairway that led into the kitchen.

Poor little Ethel! She half rose up, then  
sat down again, piteously undecided what to  
do—and even while she hesitated, with color  
varying like the red and white of the Ameri-  
can flag in a high wind, the door at the foot  
of the stairs flew open and in stalked Mr. Julian  
Morand, sallow and disheveled, with unkempt hair and beard, freckled curved  
mouth and a most unbecoming costume of  
a soiled Turkish dressing gown, faded  
pearl-colored netting garments and stocking-  
ed feet, thrust into dirty red morocco slippers.

"I say, you!" he snarled out; "why don't  
you—"

And then, perceiving to whom he was actu-  
ally addressing himself, he started back,  
turning fiery red.

"Miss Hunt!"

And, with a downward glance at his tol-  
lite, he fairly turned and fled, the skirts of his  
Turkish dressing-gown floating like red and  
orange meteors behind him. And, morti-  
fied and terrified than before, the dog again in the house and lay down by  
the stove.

It is the hardest task in the world? To  
What is the hardest task in the world? To  
What is the golden harvest following the  
flowering of thought?

There is no place like home, especially if it  
is the home of your best girl.

HER GALLANT CAVALIER.

"I think him the very embodiment of  
chivalry and gallantry," said Ethel Hunt,  
enthusiastically.

She was a dark-cheeked, diamond-eyed  
girl of eighteen, with braids of blue-black  
hair coiled around the back of her small,  
Greek-shaped head, and a color as rich and  
velvety as the side of a July peach.

"Humph!" said Aunt Sara. "I've heard  
girls talk so before. And it generally ended  
in one thing."

"For shame! Aunt Sara," cried Ethel.  
"I only mean, of course, that he is a very agreeable  
companion."

Now this Aunt Sara of our little Ethel was  
no spectated sybil of an uncertain age,  
nor pretty, pillow-shaped widow, with the  
photograph of her dear departed husband  
worn, locket-shaped, upon her bosom—but  
a pretty young woman of four or five-and-  
twenty, with bright blue eyes and hair all  
streaked with golden gleams, who was en-  
gaged in the congenial occupation of making  
up her wedding clothes.

"An agreeable companion—of course,"  
said Aunt Sara. "Look, Ethel, do you  
think white Maltese lace or French blonde,  
with a heading of Roman pearls, would be  
pretty for this beth?"

Aunt Sara knew when to drop a subject  
and when to hold on to it! But while Ethel  
was stitching the quilting of French blonde  
on to the white silk dress her young aunt's  
mind was busy upon the topic she had  
apparently abandoned.

"The disagreeable fellow," thought Aunt  
Sara. "He has somehow heard that Ethel  
has money, and he is determined to win it.

If she could only see him in his true light;  
but I know what a perverse thing a wo-  
man's heart is. Just as sure as I attempted  
to tell her what he really is, she'll make up her  
mind that he is the finest and least appre-  
ciated personage on the face of the earth.

And I do so want her to keep her heart  
whole until Everard Grafton comes to be  
Charles' groomsmen! Everard Grafton is  
worthy of a princess!"

And Miss Sara Martell sat and sewed  
away in absorbed silence, without speaking  
a word for the unprecedented period of fif-  
teen minutes.

"They say he is perfectly intolerable at  
home," she said to herself. "Clara Water-  
son was there once and heard him rating his  
sister fearfully because the beefsteak for  
his late breakfast was a little overdone. If  
only I could manage it that Ethel should see  
him in his true light."

She sat and thought a while longer—and  
suddenly the color bloomed into her cheek,  
the dimples into her chin. She started up.

"Ethel," she said, "I'm sure you must  
be tired of sitting over that everlasting  
stitching. I've got to go over to Susy Mor-  
and's to borrow a pattern; it will be just a  
pleasant walk for us."

"To Miss Morand's?" Ethel was vexed  
with herself, but she could not help the tell-  
tale blood that surged into her cheeks.  
"Isn't it rather early? Only nine o'clock!"

"Early? Not a bit! Susy and I are so  
intimate, we don't mind curl papers and  
calico wrappers. Get your hat and come  
along, quick!"

But, in spite of her exhortations to speed,  
Sara Martell smiled to herself to perceive  
that Ethel Hunt lingered long enough in her  
own room to change her black lace breast-  
knot for a becoming little butterfly bow of  
rose-colored ribbon, and to rearrange the  
dainty tendrils of silken black hair that  
drooped so caressingly over her low, broad  
forehead.

"She thinks we shall see Julian Morand,"  
she thought to herself. "Well, perhaps we  
shall. I am putting myself entirely into the  
hands of luck and chance."

But when they reached the Morand man-  
sion, instead of ringing formally at the front  
door, Miss Martell went around to the back  
porch, a pretty little entrance, all shaded  
with honeysuckles and trumpet vines.

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red-veined autumn leaves out of the gold

night Davidson was awakened by the ringing  
of his big bell. He jumped out of bed and  
ran down to the kitchen door and opened it to look out and see what the matter was. The bell, post and rope were plainly visible, but nothing else could be seen near them. Jim, the dog, came into the kitchen when the door was opened, and laid down by the stove.

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sure that the dog would have made an outcry  
if any one had come on the grounds. The  
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the stove.

The train was starting. A good-natured  
brakeman held out a hand to lift her to the rear  
platform of the last car, and then, as the engine pulled out of the depot, pots of  
potato and beans of stock, with bunches of  
herbs and boxes of spice, a grousie ready for  
the larding needle, a fillet of beef, and only  
the satchel knows what more beside, were  
overhauled in its depths and removed from  
their dangerous proximity before the dis-  
comfited traveler ventured to claim a seat  
among the mortals dressed in their best who  
did not smack of the kitchen.

tired, cross and critical. It was a great op-  
portunity for the satchel. The satchel was  
equally to the emergency. After running the  
gauntlet of some scores of eyes which seemed  
ed turned upon her with more than usual  
curiosity, the owner of the bag was ap-  
proaching her ear when a group of train  
hands called after her that "something had  
broken loose." It was the doings of that un-  
lucky satchel. The flood-gates of a bottle of  
cream within it had been opened, and rivulets  
of the white fluid were dropping in cas-  
cades over cloak and gown. No wonder the  
train visitors gasped.

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fine, reepickit, half-worn wumman wud be  
gaid to take ye."

ALL men are prophets save in their own  
country; and M. Meissonier, the great French  
artist, is no exception to the rule. Once  
when his little granddaughter had received a  
beautiful white satin fan, he offered to paint a  
little picture on it. The ten-year-old maiden  
was highly indignant. "I am inclined to  
think you won't do any such thing, grandpa,"  
she exclaimed. "I don't want my nice fan  
dirtied with your old paints." "Thus"  
said the great artist, "the child scoured what

(Continued from First Page.)

It so. We should try to understand the nature of our children, and discover what they are thinking about. Their thoughts are often above the things under their feet. You cannot make a tidy boy the pattern for all others to follow, and make them all conform to him and follow his example in those things. We are born with different abilities and natures, and need different influences to make us what we should be.

Mrs. H. Randolph said it was a very rare exception to find a bad housekeeper among all the circles of her friends, but making a home is entirely a different thing. There is something in the manner of speaking, to make the children respect your wishes. It is a very dreadful thing to be in some houses, she pitied children who were brought up under such influences. Never speak threateningly, nor in harsh tones; speak to the family as you would speak to a neighbor if one should drop in. Save the kindest tones for home use. It is hard to believe that all are born pure alike. Only one in all the millions before us was perfect. There must have been some excellent teaching to make so many good people as we find everywhere.

Mrs. N. H. Bangs—Cheerfulness will make sunshine, and many gulfs can be bridged over by it.

Mr. H. Randolph hoped we all would find something in the discussions that would help us. We never learn too well the lesson that makes us better keepers and better citizens.

At the close of the discussion, Mrs. E. P. Mills recited one of Carlton's Pioneer Ballads, after which D. Woodman read a paper upon "Building Monuments." He said men were afflicted with a mania for building monuments to perpetuate their names and deeds. The Pyramids have outlived the history of the builders. But few of us will live in the memory of the future. Monuments of good works will endure. He cited some of the monuments of folly which have failed, and others which are building that lack a good foundation. In the discussion following the paper, Mr. N. H. Bangs said we add something to our monuments every day, either good or ill. While we may not build monuments so lasting as those of antiquity, we may be remembered for what we have done.

Mrs. Randolph—We build whether we will or no. Mr. Gough said to a friend that he did not care to endow a college, or to found a hospital. He only cared to be remembered as a friend of the unfortunate. We not only build ourselves, but we help others build by our influence. We should be careful that the material we furnish should be good.

E. H. Welch said when he was a boy nothing looked so grand as a locomotive. He remembered some of their names, and learned to distinguish them by the tone of the whistle. He remembered a new one with the name "Daniel Webster;" beneath the name the sentence: "I still live." He made inquiries about this name, and learned of the greatness of the individual. The words "I still live," had been an inspiration to him through life.

The discussion was very general, and many excellent sentiments were expressed, but space forbids a farther recitation. The June meeting will be held at the house of E. B. Welch. This will be the 8th annual meeting, and some new features are promised by the executive committee.

A. C. G.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to regular subscribers \$1. The full name and address will be given gratis to any subscriber who sends \$1. No questions unanswered professed to be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 301 First St., Detroit, Mich.

### Emaciation in a Young Bull.

CARON CITY, Feb. 21st, 1887.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a thoroughbred bull, weighing four years old, that has been kept by since a calf, and always been kept healthy until last October, when he began to lose his appetite, and since then has been losing flesh all the while. Last summer he had sowed corn, hay, and ground feed. This winter I have tried him on different kinds of feed and roots, but to no effect. His hair looks well and nose moist. Drinks very little water. While feeding him he seems anxious for feed but will eat only a few mouthfuls. What can be done for him? Please answer through the MICHIGAN FARMER.

L. N. M.

**Answer.**—From the description given in the above letter it is simply impossible for us to diagnose the trouble with your bull. We would advise a careful examination of the animal's mouth, in which the cause may be discovered. Foreign substances, as corn-cobs, sticks, etc., sometimes become wedged between the molar teeth, in the upper jaw. We have met several such cases, one of a mule, which for months was wasting away in flesh, could not eat hay or any solid food; stop was all that kept it alive for several months, when the owner discovered a tumor in the back part of the mouth and summoned us to remove it. The tumor proved to be a piece of corn-cob wedged so tightly between the upper molars as to require considerable force to remove it. The mule soon regained its former condition, and power to masticate its food. Caries, or decay of the teeth, is another cause for such symptoms; or some irregularity in the process of dentition will cause similar symptoms. If you fail to discover the cause, we would advise you to call a competent veterinary surgeon; with the animal before him he can advise you understandingly.

### Indigestion in Aged Animal, No. 2.

PLYMOUTH, Mich., Feb. 24, 1887.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have followed the directions for indigestion in aged animal in FARMER of Jan. 24, 1887. The horse's bowels seem to be all right, and he does not rub his tail much, if any more, but his hide is as tight as before; eats and drinks heartily. I report for further instructions as directed.

SUBSCRIBER.

**Answer.**—The improvement in the animal so far is satisfactory. We now advise giving the following: Barabadoes aloes, pulv., four ounces; sulphur flour, eight ounces; Jamaica ginger root, pulv., four ounces; lin-

seed meal, six ounces. Mix well together. Give one tablespoonful night and morning in the feed.

Cutaneous or Follicular Disease in a Colt.

PONTIAC, Mich., Feb. 28, 1887.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a bay gelding one year old past that has been covered with gummy scabs for six or seven months, which makes him very rough. I have applied the treatment of his rubber bath recently; he has rubbed his hair on a portion of his hind quarters, which leaves the skin very seedy. I enclose a few specimens as they appear on the colt. Please tell me what alls the colt and what to do for him. SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

**Answer.**—From your description of the symptoms in your colt, together with the specimens of hair enclosed in your letter of inquiry, we are inclined to believe the trouble with your colt to be some morbid condition of the skin, involving the roots of the hair and their follicles, hair sacs or folds, due to constitutional derangement.

**TREATMENT:** Take sulphate wine, one drachm; glycerine two ounces; pure water, eight ounces mix all together and shake well. Wash the parts clean with warm water and castile soap, then apply the wash to the diseased surface. Give internally the following: Sooting aloes, pulv., two ounces; nitrate potassa, pulv., one ounce. Mix all together and divide into twelve powders. Give one night and morning. Discontinue for a week, and renew the powders as before.

Probably Malignant Vaginal Catarrh.

HOLLY, Feb. 23, 1887.  
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a 16-year old mare troubled with what is believed to be the "bladder." The disease, though less at first, now grows from one to two hours, several times a day, of a slightly yellowish white, and some what fetid smell. Has worked occasionally, but not much since Oct. 1. About that time, or perhaps a little later, she was put to horse. Is there any remedy for the complaint in this stage?

P. J.

**Answer.**—The above as described is a case of rare occurrence, and not easily diagnosed without personal examination of the animal. It is not an ordinary case of Leucorrhea, or whites, but probably due to local irritation of a malignant character either of the vagina, or the uterus. To diagnose the case satisfactorily will require personal examination of the vagina and the uterus, to determine the true character of the disease and apply the proper remedy.

In the absence of a veterinary surgeon in your neighborhood, we would advise the following: Wash out the parts clean with tepid water, then inject the following: Chloride zinc, half a drachm; dissolve in one pint of rainwater; add four ounces of glycerine, shake well and use with a syringe once or twice a day. If the general health of the animal is not good, and you have not the advantage of a surgeon, the vet paid full price for them this week.

Wright sold Clark 16<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

Judson sold Clark 17 at 17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

C. Roe sold Webb Bros 20 at 17<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

Watson sold Webb Bros 20 at 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

Plotts sold Monkhan 14 at 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

Stabler sold Clark 43 at 18<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> lbs at \$5.50.

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